

# Newport

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## POETRY.

### THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,  
From bank to valley leaping  
And by its sunny margin lay,  
A loving infant sleeping.  
The murmur of the purpling stream  
Broke not the spell that bound him,  
Like music breathing in his dream  
A lullaby around him.  
It is a lovely sight to view,  
Within this world of sorrow,  
One spot which still retains the hue  
That earth from heaven may borrow;  
And such was this—a scene so fair,  
Arrayed in summer brightness,  
And one poor being resting there—  
One soul of radiant whiteness.  
What happy dreams, fair child, are given  
To cast those sunshine o'er thee?  
What cord unites that soul to heaven  
Where visions glide before thee?  
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth  
O'er thy glad features beaming,  
Say, not a thought—a form of earth,  
Alloys that hour of dreaming!  
Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,  
Thy silent spirit soaring,  
Now hears the burst from golden springs,  
Where angels are adoring,  
And with the pure angelic throng,  
Around their Maker praising,  
The joyous heart may join the song  
Ten thousand tongues are raising!

## AGRICULTURE.

**CORN FOR FODDER.**—There is no plant cultivated in this country that yields so large a crop of excellent green and dry food for stock as Indian corn. It also affords the advantages of rapid growth and easy culture. As a substitute for pasturing, it is one of the very best, being almost equal to luxuriant grass, and far superior to any herbage, which is frequently all that cattle can obtain, in time of drought, which often occurs late in summer, and early in fall. When corn is grown of a suitable size, and well cured, it is equal to good hay for winter food.

In the older parts of the country, particularly among milkmen around cities and large towns, corn for fodder has been considerably cultivated for several years; and they know the value of it well. But in the interior, farmers have paid less attention to the subject, and in consequence, in time of drought, late in the season, they have to feed their cattle from the barn to supply the deficiency of pasturage; and in this way reduce their winter supply for fodder, which is already sufficiently small.

If the land be rather coarse and rough, harrow frequently, until the soil becomes a fine tilth, manure well and mix the manure intimately with the soil. Wood ashes is an excellent manure in part. Sow pretty thick to rather broad drills, and give it a light dressing with a hoe. No more cultivation will be needed, as the plants will soon shade the land and keep down the weeds. Will farmers who have never tried the value of fodder corn, make an experiment on a small scale?

## RECIPIES.

**MINCED VEAL.**—Cut the remains of cold veal, left from a previous dinner, into very small dice, with a portion of the fat, and a slice of lean dressed ham. Put into a stew-pan about an ounce of butter, with a finely chopped small onion; place over the fire, and keep stirring until the onion is done; then stir in a tablespoonful of flour; mix well, and add gradually a pint of milk, or milk and broth. Season with white pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. Let the whole boil ten minutes, and add the minced veal and ham with the juice of half a lemon; warm, and serve with slices of toasted bread in the dish. Poached eggs may also be served with it.

**HOW TO TOAST BREAD.**—If you would have a slice so toasted as to be pleasant to the palate, and wholesome and easily digested, never let one particle of the surface be charred. Chestnut brown is even too far deep for a good toast; and the color of a fox is rather too deep. The nearer it can be kept to a straw color, the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. This is done by keeping the bread a proper distance from the fire and exposing it to a proper heat.

**EVERETT TOFFY.**—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter; put it into a pipkin and melt it over a gentle fire; then add half a pound of brown sugar; stir them well together, and keep them over the fire for ten or twelve minutes, or until some of the mixture, dropped into cold water, sets hard. It may then be poured out into tin moulds, or on a sheet of writing-paper with the edges folded up, previously rubbed with butter.

## SELECTED TALES.

### THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

THE VOLADERO.

Sharpe's Magazine, for May, contains a translation from the "Scène des Deux Mondes," of several "Incidents in the War of Mexican Independence," from which we select the following thrilling scene.—A captain in the insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda, situated in the Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details, he continues:

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward with my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding among the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous masses of heavy stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, enclosed by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which necessarily boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depths.—This place was known in the country by the name of "the Voladero."

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice, there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day, the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise.—The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task even for so practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged by horse between the walls of the farm-house and the abyss of the Voladero. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"Hillo!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine!—Keep back!"

It was too late. At that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or even to dismount from them—these were three impossibilities, which placed us both in the presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become a prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence. Above was the smooth wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distant from the wall opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for Mexico and the insurgents?" I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"Mexico e Insurgent—that is my password," replied the cavalier. "I am the Colonel Gardano."

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and but for our mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names.

"Well," colonel, "I exclaimed, "am sorry you are not a Spaniard—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand in the hostlers of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the colonel, with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear less mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with myself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained the most profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the colonel.

"Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in truth the sole means of resolving the difficulty.

"There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the colonel. "He who shall be condemned by lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit, but in short it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life, then?" I cried out terrified at the sang-froid with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away. Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery at which one of us will ever assist?"

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the school-boys? Both ways were impracticable.—Our hands, imprudently stretched out before the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I should never have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel, to whom I communicated my perplexities: "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wins!" I hastily exclaimed.

"Not so—shall be the loser." We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but he could be thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will all owe me a minute to make my peace with Heaven?" I said to the colonel, with failing voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"It will," I replied. The colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking upon for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the colonel. I answered nothing, and with infirm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the colonel, "for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manoeuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Gardano.

My education, as I have said, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horse-back. I may, without flattering myself, say, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my encounter with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the reins, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage with the bridle, the body, and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all he

could with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments—and then recommenced the same manoeuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, checked the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle, or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was passed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebrae united itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over towards the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion; and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved! I entered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down the abyss. I then arose, and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground.—When I re-opened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

## TAKING NOTES.

A great many years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased, as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, saw his negro, "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa? Taking notes!" was the reply.

"You, taking notes?" exclaimed the minister.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching!"

Carpet Bag.

## PERSONALIA.

### Col. ETHAN ALLEN.

This brave and somewhat eccentric officer of the American Revolution, was born in Roxbury, Connecticut, in 1759. He early emigrated to Vermont. On receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, he enlisted all his energies on the side of his country. His first exploit was the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775. The expedition against this post was exceedingly bold in its design and successful in its execution. At the head of only eighty-three men he entered the fort at night took the sentry prisoner, and with a drawn sword, made his way to the apartments of the commanding officer, and demanded the surrender of the fort.

"By what authority do you demand it?" exclaimed Captain De La Place, starting from his slumber.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen. This was authority too high to be resisted, and the fort was instantly surrendered, with all its munitions of war. Col. Allen was taken prisoner in an expedition against the Canadians, while attempting to capture Montreal, in connection with Col. Brown. He was loaded with chains and sent to England, where he was imprisoned a short time, and at length taken back to his country and exchanged for Col. Campbell, a British officer, who had been taken prisoner by the Americans. He died at Colchester, Vt., February 12th, 1789.

An instance is related of Ethan Allen, that is said to have occurred while he was on his way to England. While closely confined to his room, he discovered one day that a pin or a wire that fastened one of his hand-cuffs was broken. Extricating the pieces with his teeth, he was enabled so to loosen the bolt that it also was soon withdrawn, and one hand was set at liberty; he then proceeded to release the other, and was successful. This having been accomplished, he was not long in liberating his feet. Fearing, however, lest the captain should discover his situation, and contract the "area of his freedom," he carefully replaced the bolts and pins before the arrival of his keeper. In a short time it became a fine recreation for the Colonel to take off and put on chains at pleasure.

One day the Captain wishing to afford some merriment to the crew, commanded Allen to be brought upon deck. Hoping to frighten him, the Captain said: "There is a probability that the ship will founder—it so, what will become of us, especially you Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?"

"Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour."

"How so?" said the Captain, now reflecting that Allen was only allowed to come on deck while he himself went down into his cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd been my way up just as you would be going below."

The Captain was not at all pleased with this reply, and commenced a regular tirade of abuse against the American people. "In a short time," said the Captain, "all the rebels will be in the same situation as yourself."

This was too much for Allen; and he determined to apply his newly acquired dexterity in unloosing his fetters to some purpose. Quickly raising his hands to his mouth, he apparently snapped asunder the pins and bolts, and hurling his hand-cuffs and fetters overboard—seized the astonished Captain by the collar, and threw him headlong upon the deck, then turning to the affrighted crew, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder: "If I am insulted again during the voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore!" This exploit so terrified the Captain and crew, that Allen was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased the remainder of the passage.

### Boiling Water.

Water can be made to boil at a lower temperature than 212 deg. by removing the pressure of the air. If a flask be half filled with water, the water made to boil, and as the steam escapes, a cork be put into the mouth of the flask, upon the heat being removed, the water will continue to boil, the heat in it being sufficient for that purpose when there is no pressure from the air. If the flask be put in cold water, the boiling will increase, from the steam being more effectually condensed; whereas, if the flask be put into boiling water, so as to prevent the condensation of the steam, the ebullition will immediately cease.

There is a familiar observation, that although courtship is agreeable enough to the parties who are engaged in it, it affords but a sorry amusement to the spectator.

Edinburgh Review.

## From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

### A COMMERCIAL SKETCH OF NEWPORT R. ISLAND.

BY GEORGE C. MARSH.

In 1638, Governor Coddington (having associated himself with seventeen others) purchased Aquidneck (or "Isle of Peace") of the Indian sachems, in his own name as agent. The company immediately took possession of the island, and settled on its northern extremity, where they proposed establishing a colony. A town was regularly laid out, and at first called Pocasset—now known as Portsmouth. The colony prospered, and the following summer search was made for a more favorable location, which resulted in the selection of the southwestern extremity of the island, now known as Newport. The following spring, a part of the colony moved to the new site, laid out the principal streets, and commenced the erection of houses. At a subsequent date, the island, by order of the General Court, was called the "Isle of Rhodes," or Rhode Island, on account of its great resemblance of the beautiful Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Rhode Island is situated in Narragansett Bay, in lat. 41° 29'; lon. 71° 29'. It is fifteen miles in length; and, in the vicinity of Newport, about four in width; gradually diminishing towards the north until it terminates in a point. The shore line is eighty miles.

Newport, the subject of our present sketch, is beautifully situated on a hill, sloping gently to the harbor on the west. It is laid out with some degree of regularity; the principal streets running north and south, and crossed at right angles.—The ancient part of the town is very compact; that of recent date is open and tastefully arranged. The inner harbor is formed by the town on the east; the neck on the south, terminating in Brenton's Point; Goat Island on the West, with an opening to the north, and also to the south-west.—The outer harbor comprises that portion of Narragansett Bay lying between Rhode Island on the east, and the island of Conanicut on the west; opening to the ocean on the south, and to the north running into Providence river. The entrance to the harbor is two miles in width, twenty-nine fathoms in depth; and in only one instance has it been obstructed with ice since owned by the whites. The approach to the harbor is so free from obstructions of every kind, that a stranger may enter in safety, without the aid of a pilot. Vessels can enter and depart in any wind; and the united fleets of the world could here find secure and commodious anchorage.

There are five forts in and around the harbor, though of these but two are fit for service. The most important is Fort Adams, situated on Brenton's Point, at the mouth of the harbor. It was commenced in September, 1824, and up to the end of 1851 it had cost \$1,692,000. The fort and redoubt are fitted to mount 468 guns. The parade ground, within the main work, contains about eleven acres. The engineer's estimate for this work was \$730,166.

The second, Fort Wolcott, situated on Goat Island, directly in front of the town, was built in the early settlement of the town, and known at different times as Fort Ann, and Fort George. The North Battery, afterwards Fort Greene, in compliment to the General of that name, was built during the Revolution, a little to the North of the town, and was at various times garrisoned. It is now in ruins.—Fort Dumpling is situated on Conanicut, directly opposite Fort Adams; and Rose Island—a small island in mid-channel—was also fortified. Plans have already been adopted for the erection of a water-battery on Rose Island, and for the erection of a substantial work on the site of Fort Dumpling.

Rhode Island is connected with the main on the East by a substantial stone bridge, which is owned by a company, who realize a small dividend from the tolls. There is also a telegraphic communication between Newport, New York, Boston and Providence, by Fall River. The communication between Newport, Boston, New York and Providence, is direct: the New York and Boston boats, via Fall River, touching at the long wharf, morning and evening; and the steamer Perry, a fine river boat owned at Newport, connecting with Providence, making one trip a day, each way, in winter, and two in summer. The distance from Newport to Providence is thirty miles; to Fall River eighteen; and from there to Boston, by railroad, fifty-three; to Point Judith, fifteen; to Block Island, thirty; and to New York one hundred and

sixty-five miles. The public buildings of Newport are the State House, a well-arranged and commodious building, situated at the head of the Parade; the Redwood Library, one of the most classical buildings in the country; the Jews' Synagogue, three Baptist, one Congregational, one Unitarian, and two Episcopal churches, and two Friends' meeting-houses. There are seven hotels, four of which are only opened during the summer, for the accommodation of the crowds that resort here for the "season."

In the county there are four woolen and eight cotton manufactories; the woolen manufactories are mostly coarse goods, commonly called "Negro Cloth," satinet, a coarse kind of broadcloth, and a small quantity of better quality. The cotton manufactories are about No. 40 sheeting, and Nos. 28 to 39 printing cloths. The quantity made, when in full operation, is 1,230,000 yds. sheeting, and 2,200,000 yds. printing cloths a year. Coarse goods, imported from Great Britain, comes in direct contact with our manufactures, so much so as to cause the suspension, in part, of operations. There are also two oil and candle manufactories, one soap and candle factory, two steam planing-mill, one brewery, and three rope-walks.

Rhode Island produces hay, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, onions and garden vegetables, together with beef, pork, and poultry. About two-thirds of the capital is employed in producing. The average profit above raising is from 4 to 6 per cent; average profit on capital, from 6 to 8 per cent.

The county does not raise a sufficient supply of stock and provision for its own use, and is dependent on New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Maryland, Louisiana and Cuba.

The following is the average amount, together with the prices:—

From 1822 to 1842.

Flour.....bbls.	11,500	\$5 00	\$67,500
Beef.....do.	700	10 00	7,000
Pork.....do.	800	12 00	9,600
Bacon.....do.	300	15 00	4,500
Fish.....do.	1,000	3 50	3,500
Butter.....lbs.	100,000	12	12,000
Cheese.....do.	40,000	8	3,200
Lard.....do.	150,000	60	9,000
S. O. Molasses.....gals.	10,000	25	2,500
Corn.....bush.	15,000	5 00	7,500
Beans.....do.	500	6 00	3,000
Cuba Molasses.....gals.	25,000	75	1,875
Horses.....head	200	75 00	15,000
Neat Cattle.....do.	2,000	30 00	60,000

From 1842 to 1845.

Flour.....bbls.	11,500	\$5 00	\$67,500
Beef.....do.	700	10 00	7,000
Pork.....do.	800	12 00	9,600
Bacon.....do.	300	15 00	4,500
Fish.....do.	1,000	3 50	3,500
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About 8,000 pounds of wool are raised in the county—average price from 1832 to 1842, about 30 cents; from 1842 to 1845, about 37 cents.

But little attention is paid to ship building, as compared with former years. A reason is found in the fact that the supply of ship-timber in the State is nearly exhausted.

There are four marine railways attached to the two ship-yards, which are kept in constant use by vessels from the adjacent ports. We have also sixteen shops in which from thirty to forty men are constantly employed in boat-building; turning out about four hundred boats a year, the greater part of which are sold for the use of shipping in the adjacent ports.

The commercial, manufacturing and navigation interests are not connected with, or dependent on that of agriculture.

Total valuation of property in Newport in 1849.....\$4,522,600  
Tax assessed.....15 000  
Total valuation of property in 1850.....4,720,450  
Tax assessed.....15,577

Population of Newport in 1820.....7,319  
" " 1830.....8,010  
" " 1840.....8,323  
" " 1850.....9,523

sixty-five miles.

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Fish.....do.	1,000	3 50	3,500
Butter.....lbs.	100,000	12</	



The confederated republic of American watering-places seems to be rapidly resolving itself into the supreme and admitted monarchy of Newport. Other resorts are local, in their range and attractions; it alone is national. It has been gradually assuming the eminence and universality of a social capital; while other spots once primary and independent and sovereign in pretensions, have declined into narrowness and subordination. In visiting lately the thrummed and shrunken haunts of a famous summer scene, once wont to be glowing and distended with excess of popularity, we were almost inclined to summon up, as of kindred memory, the recollection of the fate of Babylon the Great; and if we had had a pocket copy of Volney's Ruins by us, we should have meditated upon the warnings of that volume, with deepened interest, amid empty ball-rooms, neglected promenades, and "cottages to let." So far as permanency ought to be predicted for anything dependent on the changeable qualities of taste and fashion, Newport bids fair to enjoy a very tolerable immortality of empire. There are sufficient reasons for the ascendancy which it has gained, and for the continuance of that ascendancy.

In the first place, the climate is as near perfection as can fall to the lot of an earthly watering-place. It is the only place in the country, where, in the hottest weather, and at all hours of the day, you are certain of being able to be cool. The temperature, moreover, is more equable than on any part of the continent; and the place is thus free from the greatest evil of American weather. The range of the thermometer, both during the day, and throughout the year, is less than in other places. It seems, in fact, to enjoy an insular climate of its own.

The natural beauties of Newport pass quite beyond comparison with any sea-side resort in this country. The romantic variety and picturesque elegance of its coast scenery, where the salt spray, foaming against the rocks, momentarily dashes itself into rainbows, present the most enchanting splendours of impression that land, and sea, and sunshine, in their combinations, can produce. A walk along the cliffs is like a ramble through a select gallery of Birch's marine views. To sit on high upon some "crag of vantage" in the rock, and gaze upon the white waters wrestling in undying wrath with the eternal bosom of the earth, while the Spirit of Beauty, pre-empting both, transmits the terror into glory, and spreads out before the imagination an exhaustless banquet of visionary delight, is a pleasure that invests that region in a spiritual lustre, and consecrates it to the enthusiasms of the poet as much as to the enjoyments of the gay and the crowd-loving. It is not to be wondered that gentle and pensive souls like Berkeley and Channing—the "temple-haunting martlets" of humanity—that resort "where the air is delicate," and who "approve by their loved mansionary, where heaven's breath smells sweetly," should have found especially inspiration for their holy fancies and their kindly feelings, in scenes where the pure and the beautiful and the majestic in Nature combine to shed their most exalting and exalting influences upon the mind and heart.

The atmospheric effects which may be observed around Newport almost approach those iridescent enchantments that glorify Southern Italy in the memory of a landscape-loving traveller. Those airy fascinations—roses and purple and violet—with which the hills and rocks and waters of Naples are so profusely invested, are here poured forth in delicate profusion to heighten, almost to an intoxicating charm, forms that were already more than lovely. The drives in the neighborhood of the town are numerous and varied and beautiful. They have the advantage of affording unwearying entertainment to eyes and hearts devoted to Nature's lovely service, and of giving pleasure to those whose interests must of course be considered, an opportunity of displaying their showy equipages.

Social Newport is as delightfully different from all rival assembling-places, as the natural qualities of this scene are superior to all near or distant competition. Hotel life at Newport is perhaps on the decline; it is neither so popular nor so agreeable as it was a few years ago. But cottage life—which is the true life of Newport—is extending and improving. In other words, the floating capital of favour that circulated about the region, is becoming permanently founded; and these investments imply as well as promise a permanent interest. Newport is a place in which a long time ought to be spent, in order to appreciate and appropriate its particular excellencies. It does not abound in startling and stimulating equipments, which may be best watched with a rapid hand, and which pale and perish under a prolonged and familiar gaze.

You must experience the gradual, insensible alteration which the mild invigoration of the air produces without shock or excitement, after some weeks' residence; you must feed upon the refined and quiet hegemony of the landscape until your taste has become purged from the love of the turbid interests of the city, and educated into a capacity to be thrilled by the soft splendours of a mellow sunset, and to find unalloyed attractions in foam-fringed rocks and cavernous cliffs; you must make yourself at home with the permanent society of the place, and enjoy the comfort of an intercourse, elegant but unceremonious, intellectual but free from pedantry. Newport, like the highest class of personal characters, gives forth its best effects to casual acquaintance; and must be known familiarly, to be understood at all. Hire a cottage for the season—surrender yourself to the easy but refined existence which prevails here—make the rocks and caves of the shores acquainted with your footsteps—and you will be tempted to make this place your summer retreat for at least a part of every season. The interests and amusements of Newport society are more European than those of any place we know of. An odour of art—of all life's perfumes over the most freshly sweet—enriches the atmosphere delightfully. It was the home of Malbone and Stuart—a favourite residence of Allston—and now the haunt of more than a single votary of the pencil; and the influence which these presences dispensed lingers to refine and elevate the scene. Music has this summer been one of the highest enjoyments.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

**THE STEAMER ASIA.**—Left Liverpool at half past 12 o'clock, on the 16th inst., and arrived at her wharf in Jersey City, at 6 o'clock Thursday evening, making the passage from wharf to wharf in 12 days 5 hours. She brings 163 passengers, and London dates of the 15th, and Paris of the 14th August.

Neither the English nor continental news possesses a single feature of striking importance.

**ENGLAND.**—Mr. E. H. Derby, of Boston, has furnished to *Herpath's Railway Journal*, a statistical account of all the Railways in the United States, which contrast most favorably with the English railway statistics. The economy which marks the management of the American Roads, and the consequent success, contrast most favorably with English management and success.

In the United States department of the Great Exhibition, 24 large packages have recently been added, consisting chiefly of agricultural implements and carriages. McCormack's reaping machine was a leading object of attraction amongst agriculturists.

The English papers contain the details of more than an average amount of crime and accidents.

The receipts at the Exhibition were perceptibly diminished by the continued intense heat of the weather.

The building used by the House of Commons since the fire in 1835, is being torn down, and the Commons will permanently occupy the New House at their next sitting.

**FRANCE.**—A very destructive fire occurred on the 12th inst. at Havre. It commenced in the ship yard of N. Normand, in the suburb of Perry, and at one time a large part of the city was considered to be in great jeopardy. Three vessels on the stocks were burnt and other property to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds.

At Paris, on the 12th inst. during the funeral of Marshal Sebastiani, at the Hotel des Invalides, a spark from one of the candles on the altar set fire to the surrounding drapery, and a large number of the flags, and similar trophies, with which the walls were hung, were consumed. The building was saved from serious damage, but the loss sustained is much felt by the whole French people.

M. Pierre Bonaparte, cousin to the President, had been thrown from his horse, his leg broken in two places, and his person much bruised; but no danger is apprehended as to his life.

The latest accounts state that he was daily recovering. The President paid him a visit on the 13th.

The President was about to make a tour in the South West and centre of France.

The Councils of Arrondissement which had assembled for the transaction of public business, had all, with the exception of the Council of Limoges, advocated the revision of the Constitution.

The permanent committee of the Assembly in Paris, was to meet once a fortnight during the recess.

A. M. Tenaut had been condemned to six months imprisonment for having cried "down with Napoleon" at the review of the National Guard of Châtelleraut.

The wife of Major Dembinski, who accompanied him to America after the failure of the Hungarian insurrection, in which he took an active part, was arrested a few weeks ago, on her return to Pesth. She had a forged French passport.

**SPAIN.**—News of the re-commencement of troubles in Cuba had not reached Madrid at the date of our latest advices, and the only item of news from the Spanish capital is, a report that the King insists on the nomination of a Governor of the Palace, which being resisted by the Ministry, was likely to bring about the usual semi-weekly crisis in the Cabinet.

**ITALY.**—Accounts from Italy mention that a discovery had been made at Venice and Verona, of a vast conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, and massacre all Austrian officers. Several of the parties implicated had been arrested.

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.**—Later advices from the Cape of Good Hope state that the Governor had been compelled to remain quiet until the arrival of reinforcements.

**INDIA AND CHINA.**—Under date of July 5th, we learn that orders had been given for the surrender of the Northern Provinces of the Nizam in satisfaction of the sums due to the East India Company.

The English ship Commerce had been wrecked near Aden and a portion of the crew murdered by the natives.

Trade at Bombay was dull.

**NAVAL.**—The U. S. screw propeller San Jacinto which was commenced about three years ago, has been completed in the navy yard at Brooklyn. All her machinery is on board, and she was to leave the dry dock on Tuesday, to make room for the French steam-ship Magador. The San Jacinto will carry six guns. Her length on deck is 220 feet, breadth of beam 37, depth of hold 23 1-4, tonnage 1426 tons.

**VERMONT SHEEP.**—J. F. Bingham, of Hinesburgh, Vt., sheared, this year, from 60 ewes and 1 buck 321 3-8 lbs. of well washed wool. Also from another lot of 51 ewes 204 lbs. These 111 ewes have raised, this season, 111 lambs, some of which will be exhibited at the State Fair. The above sheep are no selection, as they constitute the entire flock.—*Windsor Chronicle.*

**AN EAGLE CAUGHT.**—The *Philadelphia Bulletin* states that about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, a young American Eagle flew into the book-binders of Messrs. J. & L. Gibson, Chestnut street, above Third. The bird measured 60 inches from wing to wing, and 26 inches from the beak to the tail. The feathered stranger has been well cared for.

**PERVETERY.**—On Tuesday a woman known as "Betse Baker" was liberated from jail at Newark, where she had been imprisoned for shoplifting. Once free, she went direct to the store where she had been caught, and stole a piece of alpaca, but while running off with it was run over by an omnibus and had her arm broken.

A BEAR was shot, a few days ago, in the Notch of the White Mountains. The day before he was seen to cross the Saco on a log, near the Willey House, by a gentleman from New York, and a lad from Boston, as they were fishing for trout.

## BY THE MAIL.

**GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN CONCORD, N. H.**—Loss estimated at \$50,000 to \$150,000.—A ship from the office of the New Hampshire Patriot, contains particulars of a most destructive conflagration that occurred in Concord on Monday night, destroying the best of the business portion of the town.

The fire commenced at about 11 o'clock, in Abbott's paint-shop near the Eagle Coffee house, and thence communicated to the stables of the Eagle, Porter & Rolfe's iron stores, Prescott's Livery stable, to the Hotel, and south to the Merchant's Exchange, sweeping everything in its course to Low's new block.

To the south of the Eagle, Stuckey's brick block and all the mass of wooden buildings in the rear were levelled to the ground. The progress of the fire was stayed at Stuckey's wooden block, at about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The fire is said to have been the work of an incendiary.

The loss in buildings alone is estimated at not less than \$50,000, with property, probably of like amount, a part of which was insured. The burnt district embraces some sixty rods in length, on the east side of Main street, and twenty in width, as far east as the tracks of the Concord and Claremont and Northern Railroads. The centre of the district is directly opposite the State House.

A telegraphic despatch from the office of the Patriot yesterday estimates the loss of buildings at \$50,000, and the loss of other property about \$60,000.—Insured on the buildings \$28,000, and on property \$46,000. The probable actual loss over and above insurance, is about \$40,000.

**MAD CATTLE.**—The repeated accidents, hair breadth escapes, and losses of life, resulting from the driving of cattle through the streets of our city, appear to have but little effect upon our city fathers, as to any measures for arresting the evil. Yesterday morning, in City Hall square, near Nassau street, a young gentleman narrowly escaped with his life from a frantic ox, and was indebted for his preservation to the firmness of the street; the rain had made it muddy and slippery, from which cause, in their fall career, the ox and the man—the pursued and the pursuer—just as the horn of the ox was upon the back of his victim—fell prostrate upon the cobble stones. The young man escaped, and the bewildered ox was last seen by our informant upon his "winding way" up Chatham street, at a speed which indicated a powerful resolution to escape, by a coup de main, at the hazards of being slaughtered by the Israelites.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Editor of the Mountain Banner, Rutherfordton, North Carolina, has the honor, dear Sir:

"FORTUNATE EDITOR."—Our brethren of the press have very truthfully called us a "fortunate editor" in having a "better half" to relieve us for a time from the duties of the office. She not only took charge of the editorial department, but when necessary required it she employed her leisure moments at the case; and our ink being out she actually made some. As a specimen of its quality we refer you to this paper, which is printed with some of it.—If the press had fallen to pieces, we verily believe her Yankee ingenuity would have suggested something that would have supplied its place. "O ye envious old bachelors! we know you wish we would die; but we shall not gratify you by reducing ourselves to any such extremity."

**INTERNAL MACHINES FOR THE CUBANS.** A person in Norfolk, Va., whose name we are not at liberty to give, writes to the Cuban Junta, in this city, professing them the use of eight "Internal Exterminating Seven-barrel guns." Each instrument, he says, will discharge 200 ounce-and-a-half balls per second, the discharge being made, as fast as the pieces can be aimed. The eight machines would thus discharge sixteen hundred balls per second, moving down, he says, to a deadly certainty, any enemy that dared to approach. Only one man is required to work each machine. One man could therefore discharge 12,000 balls per hour. Vive los Cubanos! Templan los tyranos Espanoles!—*N. Y. Sun.*

**SANTA FE.**—The Boundary Commissioners.—We learn from Louisville that the Santa Fe mail had reached Independence on the 22d inst. Accompanying it were Messrs. Sanford, Craunston, Dana, and Stewart, of the Boundary Commission. Colonel Sumner had reached Santa Fe and had made many changes. Head quarters were removed to Moro. Posts had been established on Rio San Juan and Valverde bottoms, while several have been broken up. Mr. Weightman had been appointed delegate to Congress. Col. Sumner was getting up a Navajo expedition. Business prospects were dull.

**AN ACCOMPLISHMENT OF STUART.**—In publishing the confession of Stuart, who was hung by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, the names of a portion of his accomplices who had not been taken were omitted. One of the most noted of these has been ascertained to be Belcher Kay, well known in Boston and Newport, as a pugilist and sporting character. He had been arrested at last accounts, and has probably found the fate of Stuart.

**JAMES LAWLESS, Patrick Boyle, and John Robinson,** were arrested in Providence, on Saturday night, charged with setting fire to the barn of Thomas L. Halsey, which was burned, a short time since, on Prospect Hill, in that city, and in default of bail in \$2,000 each, they were committed for trial.

IT MAY PLEASE some of our housekeeping friends to know that a warning pan of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture will take out white spots. The place should be rubbed with white flannel while warm.

IN CARLISLE, Pa., Col. A. Noble's valuable horse offended a hive of bees by switching his tail, when they lit on him and stung him even to death.

IN WALKING, always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, the latter from falling into iniquity.

A PAPER in Dickens's Household Words states that the spawn of a single oyster will supply oysters enough for 1200 bbls.

**DREADFUL CALAMITY—FIVE BROTHERS BURNED.**—One of the most terrible calamities that we have ever been called to chronicle, took place in the town of Brighton, five miles from this city, between 11 and 12 o'clock, on Tuesday night, Aug. 10th. A brief notice of the heart-rending affair appeared in yesterday's paper. We have gathered up the following particulars: "Oncker's house was built of wood, two stories in height, and, as is frequently the case, the oven was constructed on the outside. In this oven Mrs. Oncker had been baking during the part of the evening, and, upon finishing the work, had not removed all the coals.

About midnight, Mr. Oncker and his wife were awakened from sound sleep, by the most dreadful shrieks. They jumped from the bed; the smoke was pouring into their room, half stifling them with its thick red volume; the most horrible cries and groans proceeded from the apartment occupied by their five sons. The awful truth flashed at once upon the poor parents.—They attempted to rush to the rescue of their darlings. The flames choked their way. In ten minutes the house would be a smouldering heap of ruins. Now was the only time to escape, and the miserable father and mother almost crazed with the sense of the disaster, stretched upon their sixth and last child, a mere infant, who fortunately slept with them, and rushed into the open air.

The first neighbor that came upon the ground, says that he found the wretched parents leaning against the fence, almost dead with terror, and staring vacantly into the flames. In a few minutes the house fell to the ground. It is supposed that the fire surrounded the room where the boys slept, before they were awakened, that egress from the windows and door was cut off, and that they were quickly suffocated by the dense cloud of smoke; the flooring was soon burnt through, and they fell into the roaring flames beneath, and were burned to death. A few crumbling bones alone remained of all that was happy a few hours before.—The ages of the boys were 16, 14, 12, 11, 2.

*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

**POTATO ROT.**—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes as follows:—"Cazenovia, (Madison Co.) Aug. 1851. The potato rot is becoming very severe in this part of the country. I do not undertake to prescribe a remedy, but I will explain the cause, which will be new to many people. The mischief is all done by an insect. Let any person go and look at the leaves which begin to decay, and he will find underneath of the leaves plenty of small green lice. They extract the juice from the leaves, and the leaves dry up, and wither to almost nothing. When all the leaves are dead, the insects are all dead and gone also. The potato being thus despoiled of the foliage before it is ripe, rots and dies. This is the cause and the only cause of all the potato rot. Let any person who is curious in such things examine these insects with a magnifying-glass, and he will see how well they are adapted to do their work.

**FIDDLE AMONG THE HOGS AND FISHES.** The *Medina Citizen* is responsible for the following:—"We understand that about 150 of the 2000 hogs belonging to the Oak Orchard Distillery, when it was burnt a few days since, got on a 'bender,' and succeeded in acting almost as silly as do their humped neighbors when in a similar 'fix.' They partook of the fire water as it came flowing into their sty, and as a consequence got maddened and belittled. Three of the number died in the ditch. The fish in Oak Orchard Creek were still more unfortunate. The fatal liquid mingled with their own pure element, and they drank and died by thousands. Oak Orchard Creek was converted literally into a stream of death.

AT PITTSBURGH, a few evenings since, one John McCormie gave a number of philosophical experiments, the most extraordinary of which was that of walking in an inverted position upon the under surface of a highly polished slab of Italian marble, nine feet in three dimensions, which Mr. M. successfully performed—a feat never before achieved by any man. He afterwards explained that a slight defect in the apparatus, easily remedied, rendered his task more arduous than usual. Several respectable citizens testify that they saw the feat performed.—It was done by means of shoes of a peculiar construction.

**IMMENSE FLIGHT OF GRASSHOPPERS.**—On Sunday last, at about 12 o'clock, Mr. a flight of grasshoppers passed over our city, continuing some three hours, and extending some miles to the east and west, which, in point of number, exceeded all computation. The sky was perfectly flat, and in the rays of the sun, myriads could be seen, looking like snow-flakes, moving about in circles, and apparently going southward. Some eight years ago, a similar phenomenon was observed in this city, but this is said to have been on a much larger scale.

*Reading (Pa) Press, 12th.*

**WORKMEN** are employed in repairing the cases containing the orange trees of the Tuileries garden. These trees are of great age, some going back as far as 700 years, and the youngest 300. Every 20 years the earth in each case is changed, and during the three following years they appear sickly and they then acquire fresh strength, and throw out an immense quantity of blossoms. It is this periodical change of nourishment which has led to their longevity.

**EXTRAORDINARY WORK-WOMAN.**—Mrs. Deborah Pevey, wife of John Pevey, Esq., of Centre Barnstead—a lady seventy-seven years of age—a few days since cut and made a suit vest for her husband, and was pronounced by a workman to be of as good work and finish as can be produced in the county. Where can be produced a parallel?—*Dorset (N. H.) Gazette.*

**WAGES IN OREGON.**—A clergyman, who formerly resided in New York, thus writes from Oregon:—"Carpenters make from eight to twelve dollars a day, laborers five dollars, and washwomen get from three to four dollars a dozen for washing. Healthy persons, who are accustomed to work and willing to work, make money rapidly.

There is a firm in New York, under the mild and soothing title of *Saupp & Byte.*

**CUBAN RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.**—A despatch to the Charleston papers, dated New Orleans, 21st instant, says that a party of Cuban liberators, mostly western men, exasperated by the tone of the Spanish paper La Patria, this afternoon attacked the office of that paper, broke in the windows and doors, and threw the press, cases, types and furniture into the street. In fact they destroyed everything belonging to the office. There was no interference on the part of the police. After demolishing the Union office, the rioters proceeded to the cigar store on the corner of St. Charles and Gravier streets, broke in the doors and windows, and destroyed all the stock and fixtures, which were very valuable. At 7 o'clock the rioters went to the office of the Spanish consul and destroyed desks, furniture and property of all kinds. They also broke down the sign, which lay Fayette square. Another despatch, dated 22d, says a mob of two thousand men surrounded the city prison this morning, where the Spanish consul had taken refuge, and threatened to demolish it unless he was delivered up to them. There were about fifty police on the ground. Nearly all the cigar shops kept by Spaniards were destroyed. Yesterday minute guns were fired from sunrise until night in honor of the murdered liberators. Three or four Spanish coffee houses were also destroyed.—The military were called out. It is said the Spanish consul received several letters from Americans, who were subsequently shot, but refused to deliver them up to a committee who called on him. Subsequently, however, he was forced to surrender them.

**PRINTERS IN CALIFORNIA.**—A friend, writing from San Francisco, states that on the day succeeding the fire there was but one printing press running in that city. This was a double-cylinder fast press, formerly used by *The New York Tribune.* During the fire it was taken down; all the small parts, screws, bolts, &c., buried in a barrel under ground, and other portions removed out of danger. The press was in this situation at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the danger being over, Messrs. George Amerige and C. Stedman, two New York pressmen, took hold of it, with their sleeves rolled up. They got it in operation again, and drove off the editions of four of the San Francisco papers, which made their appearance next morning, although nothing had occurred. Is not this a feat that can challenge to be beat? No wonder California goes ahead.

*N. Y. Tribune.*

**FISBY.**—A friend informs us that as he came through Waldoboro' yesterday, the citizens were having a "high-time" of it in that village—the bells were ringing and men and boys were gathering to the river side, and putting off in boats, with nets and seines to meet a foe that was a foe indeed—as his officers bore full testimony, bringing to mind a saying he had read some where "there is something rotten in Denmark." It seems that the Madonak river at Waldoboro' for the last few days has been literally filled with dead mahadahs, driven up probably by a school of blue fish. It is said the river is filled with them to the depth of from one to four feet and a shores lined in wurows to an equal depth.

*Rockland (Me) Gazette, Aug. 22.*

**A SERVANT WITH CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.**—On Monday an Irish servant in the Rector House, found a wallet in one of the halls, containing a large sum of money and many valuable papers, which had been dropped by a southern gentleman. The servant carried it to the office, saying, "Mr. Stevens, here is a pocket-book I found up stairs. I don't know what is in it." Mr. Stevens opened the wallet, and finding the owner's name marked inside, notified him of the "findings." The gentleman was thankful for the restoration of his property, and rewarded the servant with a dollar bill.

*Boston Courier.*

**BLACKBERRIES.**—They are cultivating the blackberry in the neighborhood of Boston. An old pasture is broken up, the sprouts are planted in rows in October, and kept clear of weeds and other treated like raspberries. The Agriculturist says that the fruit thus produced is of a size and flavor which surprises those who are only acquainted with the wild blackberry. Our readers may not all be aware that the American species has a more agreeable flavor than the European. There are also different varieties of the American fruit, even in its wild state from which a selection might be made.

**OSTRACISM.**—This was a law introduced into Athens by Cleisthenes, one of its magistrates, intended to restrain the excesses of ambition, by banishing for ten years those who aimed at undue authority. The sentence of the law ran thus: "If any one aim at obtaining superiority over his fellow citizens, let him go and excel elsewhere." This law was termed ostracism from the custom of writing the name of the person they wished to banish upon an oyster-shell. Many acts of injustice and ingratitude took place under this law and it was at length repealed.

**STRANGE RECKLESSNESS.**—A passenger in the train of cars from New York last evening between Elizabethtown and Rahway, had his hat blown from his head, which he had out of the window. He ran to the door and jumped off after his hat, and, of course, threw violently to the ground, and very severely injured. The train ran back to him and conveyed him to Rahway, where he was placed under proper care and medical treatment.—*Newark Daily.*

**JENNY LIND.**—The Stockholm journalist that Miss Jenny Lind has just purchased one of the largest estates in Sweden, that of Backsaraehog, in the province of Nykoping. Also, that the letters received by her friends in Sweden contradict positively the reports lately published of her approaching marriage.

*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

**TRACT SOCIETIES.**—The receipts of the American Tract Society, New York, during the month of June, from auxiliary societies and other sources; amounted to \$32,626 57—of which \$23,555 41 were for publications sold. The receipts of the Tract Society at Boston, during the same time were \$5,122 66—\$2,397 53 for publications.

**THE LONDON FIREMEN.**—A London correspondent of the Scientific American, writing under date of the 27th ult. says:—"The London Fire Department, or Brigade, as it is called, is very differently managed from that of New York. It is under the superintendence of a Mr. Broadwood, a Scotchman, who planned the system. He is employed by the London Insurance Companies under contract, he furnishing the engines and men and keeping up the system they pay for so much, according to the property they insure. The men have uniforms—a black leather Roman helmet and trim blue frock coats with standing collar. In dress they wear caps. There are six men, I think, employed for each engine; they do nothing else but wait upon and manage it; some of them always sleep in the engine houses, and are 'ever ready.'—They do not drag the engine to a fire—two horses, day and night, stand ready at a moment's warning to be hitched to the machine, and their evolutions are exceedingly rapid and well directed. The men are a fine set of fellows, trim, iron and active; they are paid very good wages, and have mostly been London watermen.—They do not work the engines—the crowd at the fires do this; the men from the crowd are selected and paid one shilling sterling per hour for their labor; they are managed and directed by the regular firemen, and plenty of stout fellows can be selected at every fire.

The regular firemen of the brigade mount the ladders and manage the hose.—They are very daring and supple; they run along roofs and climb along from window to window like cats.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—A melancholy accident occurred at North Monmouth, Me., on Saturday evening last, by which Josiah J. Marr, for several years a resident of this city, employed in the Railroad Repair Shop, lost his life. A letter in the Boston Journal from the town mentioned says:—"On Saturday morning Mr. Marr, with myself and four other young men of our place went in a boat on an excursion among the islands of our pond, shooting and fishing; all went on pleasantly until we had nearly reached our landing place, a night hawk came near us, and it was proposed by one of the party, and as he was receiving it the hawk rubbed against the side of the boat, which caused its premature discharge, and the whole charge was lodged in the forehead of Mr. Marr. Medical aid was immediately called, but it was of no use. He continued to breathe about an hour, but was entirely senseless." Mr. M. was but recently married to a young lady of North Monmouth, and was on a visit to his wife's friends.

**NORFOLK, AUGUST 26th.**—Charles L. King, Esq., arrived here this morning from Washington with dispatches from Governor to Commodore Parker, of the Home Squadron, directing him to proceed forthwith to Havana. It is understood that Commodore Parker is instructed to enquire into the circumstances of the shooting of the forty Americans at Havana; and also to investigate the affair of the United States Mail steamer Falcion and demand satisfaction for the insult offered to our national flag on board that vessel, by a Spanish war steamer. On the receipt of these orders the *Saragosa* was immediately got ready, and will proceed to sea this afternoon.

**KEEP WARM!**—This is queer advice for dogdays, but it is ten times more important than to keep cool. These hot days and cool nights—these sudden changes of the weather—are what causes so much dysentery. Keep careful guard over them, and there is little danger. Children's clothing should be changed as often as the weather changes—so should every body's, that is, if they wear very thin clothing when it is hot. If the bowels are kept warm, and not crammed with too much green stuff—or any thing else, for that matter—there is no more danger of dysentery than in dead of winter.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

**CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A Shower of Frogs.**—Capt. Brevor, of brig Delaware, of Philadelphia, from Cardenas, Cuba, writes to us, that while at that port, on the 23rd ult. during the afternoon, a copious shower of rain fell in and about the town, after which could be seen not hundreds—but thousands of small frogs in all parts of the streets,—so abundant indeed, that one could scarcely walk without trampling them under foot. The Captain says, as the place is not subject to that kind of fish, he would like to know where they come from.—*N. Y. Express.*

**SHARK CAUGHT.**—The *Apalachicola (Fla.) Advertiser*, of July 23d, contains the following:—"The log of the ship Constantine, at this time, records the capture of a shark seventeen feet long; a post mortem examination of which disclosed portions of the body of a white man, viz. an entire thigh, leg, and foot, part of the other thigh, the knee, a portion of the leg, and, one of the shoulders. The undigested state of the limbs gave evidence the unfortunate man had been a recent victim to the monster's voracity.

**INTELLIGENCE** has been received at Sacramento that Capt. John Osborn, when on his way to the mines, with five other men, was attacked by a party of Indians.—Capt. O. was shot by an arrow, and survived a short time, while one of his companions was killed outright. Capt. Osborn sailed from Salem in command of schooner Mexican, a year and two since. He leaves a wife and family.

**THE LONGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD.** The steamer Eclipse, now on the stocks at Louisville, Ky., is to be three hundred and fifty-nine feet in length. She is to have eight of the largest sized boilers, and her water wheel will be forty-two feet in diameter. She will be completed in the fall, and it is expected that she will make the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in four days.

A GERMAN paper says that a few days back, in a printing office in Vienna, a Hamburg compositor refused to set the types of some manuscript, because he found it utterly impossible to decipher it. A complaint was made against him to the military authorities, by whom he was forthwith arrested, and after a month's investigation he was sent for one week in chains to the blackhouse.

## NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1851.

Our attention has been called to the neglect of Rhode Islanders to cultivate fruit trees; and as the remedy for this evil is within the reach of every one, we deem it advisable to dwell for a moment on the subject.

The farmers on this island pay very little attention to the raising of fruit. Each farm has a small orchard of greenings, which is generally left to care for itself; the trees yielding enough for domestic use, and perhaps a small supply for shipping. But beyond this there is no fruit raised worth mentioning.

A different state of things existed forty years ago. At that time peaches of the finest quality, cherries of the greatest abundance, peaches, pines, apricots, and every variety of desirable fruit could be obtained from the island. And this continued up to the year of eighteen hundred and fifteen, at which time nearly all the fruit trees around us were destroyed. The farmers became discouraged and expressed a conviction (notwithstanding what they had seen) that fruit trees would not do well in our climate, and that this day we have never had enough fruit from the island to supply the town.

Much attention has been paid to the planting of forest trees. A few persons of decided taste commenced the practice of embellishing their grounds with ornamental trees; and so great has become the passion for this kind of planting, that a lot is now but little valued if it is not surrounded by a dense row of oaks, pines, maples and willows. This is a great improvement, though we can scarcely hold it in good taste to neglect the cultivation of fruit trees, even if the fruit is left to the birds. If ornament is the sole object, there is nothing more beautiful than a thrifty pear tree or a steady cherry tree; and if our farmers would turn everything to profit, they should make their trees productive. This is easily done, for in every place where a tree may with propriety stand, instead of a forest tree, place a fine pear, or some other fruit tree, and along the road choose varieties of cherry trees. By so doing the appearance of the island would be much improved, and the thousands of dollars spent on fruit brought from New York, would be secured by the planter who could furnish the same articles fresh and ripe from the trees.

Teachers, probably, cannot be raised to advantage; but all the varieties of apples, pears, cherries and plums will do well and yield good crops, if a moderate degree of attention is paid them. This has been tried and it only needs to be generally understood to be carried into effect. As we before said, there is room enough about the roads, and many vacant spots can be found on every farm where a few choice trees might stand; and if one would fill these places, and also devote a few acres to the cultivation of fruit, he would find it a better operation than raising corn and potatoes. It is true, he would have to wait a few years for his return, but when received, it will amply repay him for his time and patience. Let him try it in a small way; get good trees, or select from approved stocks, and with ordinary care they will soon yield enough to warrant the planting of large orchards.

It is always a satisfaction to us to know that our mechanics have employment. Usually they have enough to occupy them through the summer, but too often when winter sets in they are thrown out of work until another season commences. This, however, will not be the case this fall, for we have sold him a more active market for building lots. Many fine lots have been purchased recently (two large ones within a week) and all destined to be occupied by fine dwellings. Several contracts for buildings have already been entered, and we are happy to know that others, involving a liberal outlay, are shortly to be taken up.

The largest, and we think altogether the finest house to be built this winter, is that already commenced for Mr. Wetmore, of New York. It is to stand on the site of the Van Allen house (burnt last spring) and the grounds are to cover thirteen acres. The house, which is to be built of Fall River granite, will face







